Holding Out For A Hero

Emery

Where have all the good men gone and where are all the gods?
Where's the street wise Hercules to fight the rising odds?
Isn't there a white knight upon a fiery steed?
Late at night I toss and I turn and I dream of what I needI need a hero
I'm holding out for a hero till the end of the night
He's gotta be strong and he's gotta be fast
And he's gotta be fresh from the fight, fresh from the fightSomewhere after midnight
In my wildest fantasy
Somewhere just beyond my reach
There's someone reaching back for me
Racing on the thunder and rising with the heat
It's gonna take a Superman to sweep me off my feetI need a hero
I'm holding out for a hero till the end of the night
He's gotta be strong and he's gotta be fast
And gotta be fresh from the fight
I need a hero
I'm holding out for a hero till the morning light
He's gotta be sure and he's gotta be soon
And he's gotta be larger than life,
Larger than lifeUp where the mountains meet the heavens above,
Out where the lightning splits the sea
I would swear that there's someone somewhere watching me
Through the wind and the chill and the rain
And the storm and the flood
I can feel his approach like a fire in my bloodHe's like any kid in a small town,
They said he couldn't do it,
He knew he had to.
Hero
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